



## **The Soft Sound of Breathing**

The world is so full  
Of beeps,  
Of bangs,  
Of barks.

So full (too full)  
There's hardly room  
For the important ones.

For the steady thud-thud,  
The delicate bubbling,  
The soft whooshing.

Of a lover's heartbeat,  
Of a toddler's laugh,  
Of your own breath.

The world is too full  
Of creaks,  
Of coughs,  
Of cries.

So full (too full)  
To even notice,  
Them passing by.

## **Wish Upon a Dandelion**

What they don't tell you when you blow a wish  
From a dandelion,  
Are wishes don't follow time.

They don't measure the years that pass,  
Or acknowledge the lines etched onto foreheads.  
They appear only after long hibernations,  
And sometimes, not even then.

But they do tell you it won't be forever,  
When the tears fall like bombs  
And her head disappears into the plane.  
They tell you it won't be forever,  
Yet you don't understand why it feels so crushing.  
So...

Final.

They say you'll see each other again,  
They *promise*.  
But there's always a something in the way.  
An ocean.  
Money.  
War.

Timing.

*Always* time.  
And you begin to wish these problems  
Could be blown away as easily as dandelion seeds.

But of course they don't.  
So you wait like a pending wish.  
And hope, one day, you see her again.  
One day.  
One day...

## Dreams in the Darkness

What do you walk with  
When the darkness comes creeping?  
A blazing flame,  
Passionate and probing the night?  
Or a soft ember,  
Close to the bosom and cherished?

What defends you  
When the darkness begins to peck?  
Does the inferno rear at the shadows  
Like a flaming stallion?  
Or does the light fade quietly  
And slip into the night unnoticed?

Don't be the arsonist to your tomorrow,  
Nor the water upon your ardent hopes.

Fire can roar  
But it's fragile.  
Nurture that kindling,  
Stoke it until  
The embers hiss,  
But do not cackle,  
And the flames lick,  
But do not bite.

Then you'll walk,  
Oh! You'll walk!  
With the light,  
The *blaze*,  
Of a thousand dreams  
Perched upon your heart.  
And you never have to fear  
The stalking darkness again.

Look around and you'll see  
The crowd walking.  
Look around and you'll see  
Everyone's got an ember.  
Got an ember  
And just waiting,  
*Waiting*, for the kindling  
Of tomorrow.